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NO. 40.

## TRYING TO GET EVEN.

Clock and Watch Makers Get Into the Bicycle Trade.

Clock and watch makers who found their regular business falling off on account of the bicycle craze are now making up for it in the manufacture and sale of bicycles. Competition is exceedingly lively among the rival makers, to the great benefit of the rider.

Three or four years ago there were only a few makers of bicycles, and they were very heavy and costly. Now they are made as small as a silver quarter, weigh almost nothing and can be purchased at a trifling cost. Many dealers add a bicycle to the equipment of the purchaser, and as a result bicycles without cyclists are the exception.

Cycling has brought many blessings in its train; and one of the greatest of these is the fact that little registers which record accurately the distance traversed by the cyclist. It is practically a 10,000 mile tape-line in a compact and convenient form. It is a great satisfaction for the rider to see the miles roll up on the dial as he spins along. The present-day cyclists are very simple in construction, and as a rule perform their duty without error, but too much must not be expected, when the rider is not a professional. A rider can hardly expect his cyclist to measure the distance between two points accurately if he wobbles from one side of the road to the other. In this way a beginner's cyclist might record a mile while he has been pursuing his sinuous course for only half that distance.

Cyclometers are made in a variety of sizes. A 26 inch cyclist is fitted to a 26 inch wheel, and the figures will not be accurate enough to be valuable. For the same reason if the tire be so soft as to appreciable flex in the movement will occur, because of the lessened diameter of the bicycle wheel. If the tire sinks in a quarter of an inch under the weight of the rider, the error in a mile ride would amount to 14 yards. Thus the accuracy of a cyclist measurement varies perceptibly according to the hardness of the tire. However, the average bicycle rider is not an engineer or surveyor, and the popularity of the cyclist is in no way endangered because of this slight variation from the truth. The failure of the cyclist is often driven by the searcher after a huge mileage record.

So long as the variation is on the cyclist's side the cyclist's future is safe. At any rate, the demand for the device is lively, and the makers are reaping their losses incurred by the encroachment of the bicycle on the watch trade. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## The Appellate Courts.

Appellate courts can know nothing of the trial as it occurred, yet they are not deterred from granting new trials and practically co-operating with unscrupulous attorneys for the escape of men guilty of the most wicked murders. Appellate courts too frequently seem to think that superior knowledge of the law is shown not by affirming the verdict of the trial court, but by standing in antagonism to it and by criticising its action.

It is like the case of the blind, open critic, who frequently gets credit for superior knowledge by the audacity of his criticism, when, in fact, he knows nothing of the subject. Appellate courts are very often made up of men who have no knowledge of the most elementary principles of the criminal law, for they have never studied or practiced it. With this want of knowledge and very few lawyers seeking to administer the law, they try the case not on its merits, but they try it by some technical rule which has really no relation to the guilt or innocence of the accused. —North American Review.

## The Reign of England.

Kings have governed England for 698 years, queens for 120 and protectors for 11 years. The average reign of the kings has been 23 1/2 years, of the queens 30 years, the average reign of all the sovereigns being between 23 and 24 years. The average reign of the kings of the Angevin dynasty—30 1/2 years—is greater than that of any other reigning family, although the average reign of the house of Brunswick very nearly approaches it. The average of the Yorkist kings—8 years—is the least of all. Four sovereigns of England have been of the Norman dynasty, and reigned 88 years; eight were Angevins or Plantagenets and reigned 245 years; three were of the house of Lancaster and reigned 62 years; three of that of York and reigned 24 years; five were Tudors and reigned 99 years; and there have been six sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, which has existed now for 181 years.

## Interpretation.

Irish Business Man (white with anger at being disturbed)—You, book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my indignation.

Book Agent (jumping with enthusiasm)—Then, sir, you are in luck. I have here the very thing you need—a dictionary of the English language, containing all the words and phrases known, and only 5 shillings. Take it, and you will never be at a loss to express yourself again.—London Times.

## Introductory.

"This is such a quiet neighborhood. Don't you ever sit out on your front steps?"

"No. There is an amateur photographer across the street."—Chicago Record.

## He Whistled.

"He—Nice dog! Have you taught him any new tricks since I was here last?"

"She (sweetly)—Oh, yes; he will fetch your hat if you whistle!—Boston Globe.

**GUSTAV BRUETT.**  
Plaster and Ornamental  
Gardener.  
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.  
grounds laid out, grading, draining, building new cesspools, etc.

**Odorous Excavating.**  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

**FRAZER**  
AXLE GREASE  
Best in the World  
Lubricates all kinds of machinery.  
Selling three boxes of any other brand, will  
give you one box of this grease. No ad-  
vice necessary.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

## THE CHILDREN.

Only to keep them sweet, warm and young.  
The little fingers.  
The little toes.  
The little hands.  
The little feet.  
The little heads.  
The little hearts.  
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## FREE BUTTONS!

AN ELEGANT BUTTON FREE WITH EACH PACKAGE OF

Sweet Caporal Cigarettes

AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A COLLECTION OF BUTTONS WITHOUT COST.

AN ARCTIC STUDIO.

A Little Wooden Shed Built Far Within the Arctic Circle.

At the head of an almost unknown bay, beyond the waters of indefinite ice, the Arctic Circle, and there, under a lofty peak and the presence of a mighty glacier, we erected a tiny building. The site was chosen upon a terrace in the bed of an ancient glacier and near a rapid brook that ran down to the bay. The studio formed a wing of the larger building, and was built of three inch grooved pine. It was made with double walls, and had an air-space of one foot completely enveloping tops, sides and bottom, and an additional air-space of one inch forward for feet covering the walls and ceiling. On the side facing west were placed double doors, and on the south a double skylight and a window. Over the top of the exterior wall was fastened the conventional tarp paper. In this small abode, the northernmost studio in the world, with a ground space of 15 by 6 1/2 feet, and with a height of less than six feet, I was to dwell for more than a year.

On Aug. 26, 1893, the studio was made habitable with two folding beds, trunks and boxes for seats and receptacles, and oilcloth for floor covering. A long shelf was run along the west side of the room, near the ceiling, and under the skylight was placed a series of shelves, and on the north wall a shelf was fastened for the hanging of coats and hats. The room, and from the ceiling was suspended a lamp with a chain for raising and lowering it—always an object of wonder and delight to the children in the unit, or Eskimo. Near by were two other dwellings, but of sea-kind, the homes of the Innuits Myo and Kaskoo, who, with their families, had been invited to leave the neighborhood of Cape Parry and come with us.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

The French Naval Unit.

The old distinctions of battleship and cruiser, coast defense ship, lookout ship, torpedo catcher and all the rest are to disappear utterly from the face of the sea. The new scheme of homogeneity and autonomy. The fleet is to be homogeneous through all its units, the units are to be self-sufficient in all the various functions of war. The archetype of this autonomous unit is the Dupuy de Lome. This vessel, generally classed as an armored cruiser, was launched in 1890, and was not completed until some years later. She is of 6,300 tons displacement, 874 feet long, of 61 feet 6 inches beam and 23 feet 6 inches draft. She steams 17.3 knots an hour with natural and 20 with forced draft, and is reckoned able to make 4,000 miles at 12.5 knots with-out coal. She is armored—and this is her most distinctive feature—with 12 1/2 inches of steel throughout her whole length, and almost over the whole surface of the hull.

For heavy armament she carries two 7.6 inch breechloaders and six 6.3 inch rapid firing guns, besides numerous smaller quick firing guns. The heavy guns are so mounted that she can fire five of them ahead, astern or on either broadside. This formidable type Admiral Courbet proposes to strengthen and develop into the unit of his homogeneous fleet, which is to be equal indifferently to every service demanded of a warship.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Boy's Sympathy.

A 14-year-old boy went into his mother's presence with one eye black, his lips swollen and a ragged scratch across his cheek, the blood from which he had wiped off with his shirt sleeve.

"No," he sullenly grunted.

"Then what on earth has your face?"

"Jim Green's a dead," he replied.

"Well, suppose she is. What's that to do with your disfigured face?"

"I seed Jim just now," answered the boy, "and he looked awful sad and lonesome."

"Well?"

"I didn't know what ter do ter make him bright and happy like, and feelin' sorry for him, I jess went up and let him hit me a few ticks."

"Did it help him?" asked the mother.

"Help him?" echoed the boy in a surprised tone. "Of course it did. Don't you think it's a kindness ter let a fellow that way what had liked you every week for a year?"—Pearson's Weekly.

James Foliole Says.

Every day bucket go d'awell; one day bottom drop out.

Patience man drive jacks.

One time fool no fool; two time fool him da fool.

At one time Minnie tried to reason with her father, but was unsuccessful. I knew by her red eyes and lagging steps. She seemed in deep thought for a few days; but then she brightened and went about her duties with unusual lightness and song.

I could see that her father watched her every mood, and that he really doted on his motherless daughter, for an expression of immense relief appeared on his face as soon as she was right hearted.

One morning he came into the kitchen in a towering rage, accusing Minnie of intending to elope with him.

She met him calmly, even smiling a little triumphantly. I thought, as she answered him, "You needn't be afraid, father, I ain't goin' ter do nothin' at all."

"She'd better not," he fumed. If she didn't get her head enough to do such a thing, he'd turn her out of his house, he'd disinherit her, he'd never look at her again. Somehow the storm did not dampen the girl's courage.

Major Shirts, of Course.

Famous old Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia was directly or indirectly the source of many a good story. Here is one that I do not think has found its way into print: One day at a political gathering he was approached by a well dressed individual, who shook hands warmly with him. The governor was a bit bothered and confused, he could not recall the hand shaker's name.

"Why, you must remember me, governor," said the latter. "I'm from Richmond. I used to work for you."

"Why, of course," said the governor with all a politician's tact. "Gentlemen, this is my very excellent neighbor, Major Shirts."

A Question of Precedence.

The various noble orders of merit in Great Britain have the following precedence: Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath, Knights Grand Crosses of the Star of India, Knights of St. Patrick, Knights Grand Crosses of St. Michael and St. George, Knights Commanders of the Bath, Knights Commanders of the Star of India, Knights Commanders of St. Michael and St. George, and Knights Bachelor.

## HE CALLS A HOUSE A "HOOSE."

My gran'pa is a funny man.  
He's Scotch as he can be.  
I've told him a hundred times,  
But he says I talk like me.  
I've told him forty thousand times,  
But he says I talk like me.  
He always says a man's a "hoose,"  
And calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me most every day,  
And rides me on his knee.  
He took me to a picnic once,  
And dressed up just like me.  
He says I am a "hoosey bairn,"  
And knows me, and when  
I ask him why can't he talk right,  
He says, "I am a hoose."

But me and him has lots of fun.  
He's such a funny man.  
I dance for him and break his hair,  
And loves him all the same.  
I call him Andy, but his name—  
And he says I can't talk,  
And then he puts my plate on the table,  
But he ain't a bit of a hoose.

He always says a man's a "hoose,"  
And calls a house a "hoose."  
—Chico.

MINNIE'S PATIENCE.

The editor of Fresh Breezes wanted a bright story from my pen, and to that end I had conjured my brain by every device in my power. In vain had I scrutinized the pages of Parnassus and life and other suggestive periodicals of that ilk, but no idea came. The red pods of the flowering bean tapped gently against the cherry lullaby slumped eastward, whose action my sluggish mind persistently imitated.

The little fire upon the hearth crackled and blazed briskly, trying its best not to feel lost in the throat of the great, old fashioned chimney, for the early autumn mornings in the Tennessee hills were cool enough to make a small fire welcome, especially so as country people in that state are loath to keep closed doors. So the door to the porch stood open, and opposite that was the kitchen door, also open, allowing the odors of an appetizing breakfast to waft admittance.

I leaned against the high mantel studying the fire with that peculiar, downward feeling that comes to one seeking inspiration and finding circumstances utterly adverse.

Finally the andirons riveted my attention—the andirons that Minnie had secured the day before till they shone as bright as the glowing logs they upheld, and the andirons, together with the sound of the quick, light steps of the girl in the kitchen, usually preparing the breakfast, led my mind over the recent events at the farmhouse.

Few girls would have managed a high tempered, demure, selfish old father so well as Minnie did, and, to my mind, she deserved her success.

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